

BEAUTIFUL APOSTROPHE TO THE

We would be pleased to know the author of the following most eloquent apostrophe to the Bible. It appears to have been addressed to young men. We have tried to read anything finer:

"Study how to be wise; and in all your gettings and doings. And especially would I urge upon your heart-bound, soul-wrapt attention to that Book upon which all feelings are concentrated all opinions; which enlightens the intellect, and kindles the imagination in songs upon the harp of the angels of Israel." That Book which gives you a faithful insight into your heart; and concentrates its character in

Such as the keen tooth of Time can never touch."

Would you know the effect of that Book upon the heart? It purifies its thoughts and sanctifies its joys; it nerves and strengthens it for sorrow and misadventure of life; and when these shall have ended, and twilight of death is spreading its dew damp upon the wasting fen, it breaks upon the last glad throes of the soul, and strains light and glory into the morning. Oh have we ever stood beside the couch of a dying saint when

"Without a sign,

Then, you have searched the concentrated influence of this Book. Would you know its name? It is the Book of Books---its author, God---its theme, Heaven, Eternity, The Bible! Read it, search it, love it! Be it first upon the altar of your altar. God---first in the affections of your heart. Search the scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are that which testify of Him. Oh! if there be sublimity in the contempt of the world, if there be grandeur in the display of Eternity---if there be anything ennobling and purifying in the revelation of man's salvation, search the Scriptures for they are that which testify of these things."

**BONAPEART'S POVERTY IN EARLY LIFE**

Others, in his history of the Consulate, recite the details of the poverty and privations of his early life. But the following are the only known particulars of his early life.

early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the army, he was sent to the garrison at Toulon to be lived in the barracks of Paris in obscure poverty, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (ten pence) for his lodging, and he often went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums and even wore out clothes from his acquaintances. He and his brother Louis, who was a captain of the same regiment, one day, only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, time about. At this crisis, the chief of the regiment, the emperor's brother-in-law, the duke of Angoulême, the conqueror "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money for Napoleon's sake, afterwards so famed for his financial management, saying that period of starvation, hardship, and anxiety in his linements, with projecting cheek

bones. His meager form brought on an unpleasant and unsightly, outrageous disease; of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician; Corviant, to expel it after a duration of more than ten years.

The squallid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterwards the threadbare habiliments and imperial mantle: the meager food, gorgeous banquet; the friendship of a poor artist, the homage and terror of the world; exile and prisoner. Such are the ups and downs of his changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

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**VIOLETTA AND ALLENORRE.**

A ONE-HORSE NOVEL.—Violetta starts

ed convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something strangely familiar in those low rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness; her eyes gleaming with wild uncertainty.

"Violetta!"

"Allanford!"

And the beautiful girl sank from ex-  
cess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allanford bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure, white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's teacher, Rita Van Short, and her two young lovers with, flail: Allanford saw the aged patriarch, and with one mighty leap cleared the banister

ters and rushed down stairs. But Vill Short was not to be thus done. He put after the flying Allandorf, and just as he was turning the corner of the rear barn, gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the other side of the fence. He then turned to distraction; threw himself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour was deaf to every consolation: (To be continued.)—N. Y. Dutchman.

a revolver and shot his relative in the  
 back, killing him instantly. He then  
 proceeded in search of his wife, whom he  
 also shot, and she expired in a short  
 time after. As a fitting climax to this  
 scene of horror, the wretched man turned  
 the weapon upon his own breast and  
 slew himself.